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INTER FLUMINA



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VERSES

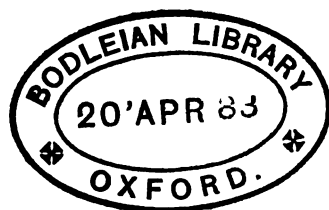
WRITTEN AMONG RIVERS.

'We win when, having done our best, we fail.'

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TO THOSE WHO LIVE BETWEEN THE TORRIDGE AND
THE MURE THESE VERSES, WRITTEN IN THOSE
PLEASANT PLACES, ARE REMEMBERINGLY INSCRIBED,

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DOLOROSA.



I.

KING CHARLES, within his pleasant Rhineland home,
Of Roland thought, his brother, at New Rome,
Beneath the languid, love-engulfing wave
Of pleasure merged—no hand stretched out to save;
That thought the pleasant Rhineland home half
 marred ;
That thought took words—My Wife, my Hildegarde,
My Lily of the Valley, whom I found
Under green leaves in wayside garden ground,
Whom I transplanted to another bower,
My home with sweetness and my heart to dower,
Shall we not send across the lands the cry,
 ‘ Fly, Roland, fly ! ’

He has no joy in sweet and simple things ;

He knows not what the morning brings
To spirits sleep-refreshed, who outward pass,
And stand awhile between the sky and grass,
The summer-sweetness while the gardens give—

And only live ;

He knows not what the sunset says
To him who after the long day's
Hard toil, goes forth, beneath the lindens sweet

His other self to meet ;

He comes to her like Hermes with winged feet ;
After his thoughts, those earlier messengers
Who reached the goal but could not tell the tale,
He comes and listens with his hand in hers,
Like Night for Nightingale.

Fair rising sun and fairer rising moon !

Ah ! Roland's day is one long fevered noon.

Last night, not all among the things that seem,
Though in the country where men go in dream,

I saw a pale youth from a foul morass
Emerging, climb a rugged mountain-pass ;
He had pure air instead of vaporous night,
For flying fires, the feet-encircling light,
And, often beckoning lest his feet should flag,
A form of whiteness led from crag to crag ;
Awake, I move among the shadows now ;
That youth is Roland, that white guide art thou ;
O he will change for these dear banks of Rhine
The heart's morass—the halls of Constantine ;
While toil's brave thoughts my brother's spirit fill,
My darling's life shall beckon from the hill,
And white shall be the stained, and whole the scarred,
And full the joy of Charles and Hildegarde.

If there be aught in Hildegarde that tells
Her husband of green leaves and snowy bells—
Thus, as the last words into silence died,

The gentle queen replied—

The root beneath the soil were emblem truer
Of that poor dwelling, whence at sunrise took

A simple maiden, with her water-ewer,
Her pathway to the Rhineward-rolling brook ;
If there be aught that says her mind in larger
And fairer fields these latter years has strayed,
Ah ! by that brook a huntsman reined his charger,
And asked poor water of that simple maid ;
If there be aught that says the flower transplanted
Has not forgot the wayside garden ground—
My childhood's home, had this my heart not haunted,
I had not in my husband's heart been crowned ;
If there be aught which home-returning Roland
Might deem a white-robed leader on the hills,
For crag and summit had I left the lowland
Save for that voice, heard first near Rhineward rills,
My life which fills ?

Ye mortal seats which men call depth and height !
Ye have not might
To measure Heaven's affinities
By time's divergencies ;
Ye have not bar to bar
The lily from the star ;

Ye have not spell
To say to white and white—'divided dwell,'
Because one glitters in the mantling blue,
And one in wayside greenness, veiled from view;
Ye could not bid the day not be
That brought my happiness to me;
Ye cannot part the summer and the swallow,
The bee and gardens sweet with mignonette,
Nor sue for trespass when the dolphins follow
O'er the still sea the wailing flageolet.

O sweet to breathe the summer in the hours
Of early morning! In the linden bowers,
With all the listeners of the twilight vale,
To wait the nightingale!
Beyond the limpid lake
To watch the fireflies dancing in the brake!
To know the toil, the rest
Of hearts love-blest!

O sad to hear a brother's voice declaring
In simple joys a brother has not joy,

The heart of early youth to age fast faring
Among the gains that fleet, the charms that cloy !
In this delightful home the summer drinking,
Something, we feel, the pleasant draught has lacked ;
We lose the trick of joy, of Roland thinking
In the smooth way above the cataract ;
Ah ! I will ask my harp to wed the numbers
My heart would send o'er stream and hill and plain ;
They are too faint to break on Roland's slumbers—
Ah ! might they make my husband smile again !

SONG.

Fly, Roland, fly across the lands ;
From love which is not love; O fly
To Love who took the Feet and Hands
That He for all might die.

O fly from things that sear and fleet
And take the gladness from the day,
To things that make the daisy sweet
And near the far away.

O fly the foeman's vantage-ground,
Where soul from self can fly, ah ! never,
O early lost and not yet found !
And love, and live for ever.

Fly, Roland, fly !
Ere the frail pinnace leap the falls, and die
In the wild waters, to the homeward track,
Though against wind and tide, turn back, turn back.
Thou shalt have pledge beneath the Rhineland sun,
The flight still during, of the battle won ;
Thou shalt have proof how, born of timeless
fountains,
Great things and small are kindred here below ;
The harebell blossoms on the Alpine mountains,
The gentian near the everlasting snow.

II.

ROLAND, my brother, many moons have sped .
Since thou, as one just risen from the dead,
Camest to cast with German Charles thy lot,
The eastern Cæsar and his lures forgot ;
The hunting leopard rends the antelope—
They say who wander where the tropics glow—
Ah ! in such battle swiftness is not hope ;
But Roland flying puts to flight the foe ;
I was bowed down by empire's many cares ;
I should now move in gardens of delight,
My earthly dwelling while a brother shares,
And a hope brightening makes my hope more bright ;
Ah ! to the new-found nurturing Mother still
The Moab-fleeing spirit clings, like Ruth,
And Roland follows on the sunrise-hill
The white robed leader, and my dream is truth.

Those happy moons, through love of Him who died,
Were moons of peace for Germany ; but now

Far to the battle thou or I must ride ;
My realm to fire and sword the heathen vow—

‘ This to be leader in the conflict ? this
Light of the council, as in times serene ? ’

Ah ! nearer foeman threatens nearer bliss ;
Thou must, or I, from peril shield the queen.
My Wife ! my Country ! If the sovran will
Which bids the many live and die unknown,
Which sets the one upon the o’ertopping hill,
Called me desertless to this Rhineland throne,
’Twas of that will I rose at break of day,
My only thought to hunt the forest boar,
’Twas of that will that where I lost my way
A brook was flowing by a cottage door ;
’Twas of that will I met her there—the same,
Now that, the throne empurpling, I have set
The glorious picture in another frame,
In heart and person, as when first we met.

I call her 'Lily' and she calls me 'Star' ;
Yet, ere my Lily for the vanished chase
Came, amplest compensation, glittering far
Above the place of stars my Star had place.

But now my summer gardens of delight
Turn to a forest where there is no way,
Save of a melancholy dream of night,
Down a green vista to the open day.
My eyes in slumber but my heart astir
With things to come, I saw a Messenger ;
I heard a message, ' Roland to the strife ;
Charles at the hearth from peril save his wife.'
No more—the white ethereal Presence sped,
And I am left a labyrinth to thread.
I have made trial on the homeward way
Of the sure pilgrim password ' I obey ;'
What if the message flatter not our youth ?
It strikes my valour, not my brother's truth ;
Be Charles or Roland, in the conflict's hour,
Chief of the host or guardian of the bower,

The Hand they pierced all enemies shall whelm,
And peace shall flourish in my hearth and realm.

While yet the glittering Orient called me hers—
Roland replied—among the revellers,
With all that earth could give of joy, elate,
In mighty Cæsar's banquet-hall I sate.
And there the cressets turned the night to day,
And there the garlands made a mimic May,
And Mirth was king, and to his realm's increase
The cups were glowing with the grape of Greece,
And Beauty smiled, and Song rang out amain,
And Youth had Dance and Laughter in his train,
And Love which is not Love to many an ear
Told of the nameless things of darkness near—
Ah ! I have said what bade me rise and flee,
In its mid life, that royal revelry ;
As one who, somewhere musing all alone,
Hears in his heart a whisper, not his own,
And startled asks who whispered—in that hall
I, the chief guest, the maddest Bacchanal,

Heard, as from far, a sound those sounds above,
A sad voice dooming 'love which is not love,'
Then, to my startled questing borne more nigh,
A cadence fraught with hope, 'Fly, Roland, fly!'

'Fly, Roland, fly!' If pang and throb and spasm
And fear of falling wait the coming strife,
As with a bound my spirit passed the chasm
Which severs night from day, and death from life;
Yet with my feet at first I fled not far;

Changing the cresset for the star,
Changing the star for Saint Sophia's shrine,*

And for the will divine
My will, through threefold night and threefold day
Ending in sins confessed and pardon spoken,
I girt my loins up for the narrow way,
My strength the Blood poured out, the Body broken.

Now of the wanderer to the fold restored,
The wrecked in harbour, dost thou ask a sword?

No child of all lands, lacking home's pulsation,
No idler now with pleasure-languid thews,

My sword I render to my king and nation,
My swifter thought the flying foe pursues ;
Not long, not long the thick-embattled heathen
To fire and sword the sacred soil shall vow—
Yet it were ill the wreath by Germans wreathen
For royal Charles, should circle Roland's brow ;
Ah ! thou hast told me of a midnight vision—
Wilt thou not hear the voices of the day ?
When dream and daylight meet in strong collision
It is the dream that vanishes away ;
If, by the vision thou and I divided,
Each, in his place, must break a foeman's power,
Each, by the voices, to his place still guided,
Charles leads the host and Roland guards the bower ;
Who but the king should wear the conqueror's laurel
While to the northward hostile inroads cease ?
Who shield the queen and make his own her quarrel
But he she called across the lands to peace ?

Shall not her song thy heart's new sorrow soften ?
O I have said the sad and sweet refrain ;

I hear it all day long, and often, often,
In the still night, I hear it yet again ;
Is it the voice of Hildegarde, thy wife ?
It is a white soul's heav'nward-beckoning life ;
When in the garden from some bowery tree
The ringdove pours a changeless melody,
The nest among the leaves no song will own
 But that meek monotone ;
So angels welcome to their songs the sound,
Which cries, again, again, from time's profound,
 ‘ The lost is found ! ’
And not on Charles's ear can wearying fall
 The music of the call
Which, to his Father's arms, brought home the
 Prodigal.

III.

There is a Spirit who, to mourning men
Comes in the silence nearer, nearer, when
The twelve-hour strife of Toil with Pain is done,
And Pain is victor at the set of sun ;
There is a Spirit like a glorious bird,
Whose song erewhile in Paradise was heard,
The pleasant place of flower and wave and beam,
Barred from the serpent by the fourfold stream ;
Now o'er a flowerless, waveless, sunless track,
Without the girdling waters, she looks back
To her lost joy, till iridescent plumes
Are as a stormy sky's untempered glooms ;
There is a Spirit men have deemed divine,
The Loved of Zeus, the Mother of the Nine,
The Child of Heav'n and Earth, who came to fill
The world with music from the Grecian hill,
The thing of tears whose visitings deploy.
To mourning men the shadow of their joy ;

Ah ! if in spring-time some more perfect spring

Faintly remembering,

The meadows glisten and the blackbirds sing,

As summer woods without the nightingale,

Or as the winds that wail

The dying asters, nearer, nearer thee,

O broken heart ! the sad Mnemosyne

Comes in the dusk and wakes the threnody ;

She has no thought of happy things to be ;

All retrospect her yearning eyes,

Some far off gleam of Paradise,

The place that was her home, she fain would see ;

She has no vision but the glare

Of what the Angel waves four-square,

Guarding the pathway back to Eden's tree—

Heart of the human heart, heav'n-exiled Memory.

She came to Charles and wailed out what had been

Since last he looked upon the gentle queen—

I was returning from the battle-field,

Where He who loves me had been sword and shield ;

He had made vain the heathen foeman's vow,
He had set victor laurel on my brow.
Halfway, the horse relaxed his mighty stride ;
With love for spur the eager horseman cried—
After my heart, my gentle hero, fly ;
My country's soil inviolate as her sky,
Now, to my home, impartial Heav'n forbend
All ill, save that which my return shall end !
The sunshine-melody of merle and thrush—
The nightingale-awaiting after-hush—
The scents of morn that early toilers greet—
The verdurous Daphne making twilight sweet—
Where'er my place, or near or far away—
Come there and go with summer night and day ;
But she, my Lily, breathing scent along
My path in life—my Bird, who in her song
Far away flying, to the wanderer sang
Of doom and pardon, while the revels rang—
She by the river waits in spouseless pain
Till joy encircling shall be joy again ;
There is a minor in the music now,
The song that brought the summer to my brow :

The once concentrated vision ranges far,
And seeks in clouds below the clouds a Star.
My gallant steed, my prince among the peers !
Thy swifter flight will sooner stay her tears ;
Fly then, my glorious ! fly and make the same
My wife and home, the picture and its frame.
Thou canst not this ; the summer flowers will die,
The summer birds to other lands will fly ;
My Flower will blossom in December drear,
My Bird will carol through the livelong year.

Ah ! do the gifted sons of reason see
In Charles's words but love's soliloquy ?
Let them in thought my mute companion view,
And own his deed interpretation true.
Aye might I thus the mind of Heav'n express !
My heart grew happier as the leagues grew less ;
O I saw Roland in the foeless field,
' Peril for peril ' on his dinted shield,
Day and night watching round the castle, lest
A dream-born foe should trouble that sweet nest ;
' Ill to the champion of that midnight moon

Who brooks,' I cried, ' the wrath of such a noon ;
Ill to——'

That vision, had it hand to beck
Into the visible a journeying speck,
Formless at first, but taking form from speed,
Then clear dilating into knight and steed,
Till Roland in the knight at last I knew,
And all within me was the cloudless blue ?

And all without me was not grass and sky,
Nor breezy down nor waving forest shade,
Nor gentle river flowing Rhineward by,
Nor wondering gaze of rustic youth or maid ;
For all without me vanishing away,
And far the flower and near the asteroid,
I heard familiar voices round me say
My home and I were meeting in the void ;
She said, ' the swallows in the sun rejoice,
In music sweet the dolphins of the foam '—

Not less the husband in the gentle voice
He heard prevailing in that 'welcome home.'
Ah ! though a shock had palsied man and horse,
I still, methought, had been where I would be ;
The harper harping yet, the hills perforce
Move from their places at his melody.

My thought with those who in the tourney toy,
We were the jousters, Joy and Homeward Joy ;
'Now Joy,' I shouted, 'to the lists rides well,
But Homeward Joy shall hurl him from his selle ;
O flying steeds, fly faster o'er the plain ;
O waning interval, less slowly wane ;
O'ertaking love, diffusing airs of home,
To blest convergency come, Roland, come !'
He came ; and mutual greetings scarce were made,
Ere, with wild looks and troubled tones, he said—

'Sire and my brother ! O I could not wait
With mask of welcome at the castle's gate ;

Sire! O I could not brook
That thou on sunny lawn or arbour'd nook
Unconscious still should'st look,
That thou should'st deem thy Rhineland home—
The summer underfoot and overhead—
The sweetest pleasaunce that the heavens o'erdome,
And not a body whence the soul is fled ;
I deemed the interval of time and space,
The spur of thought to orison prolonged,
The stricken husband to the judge might brace,
And calm alike the ruler and the wronged.
But now I tremble lest thou hear and die ;
My task were easy were the news I bring
A charge awaited or a lowering sky,
And not an ambushed shaft, a panther's spring.
The mother from the cradle turns away
To household labours—she returns—a wild,
Misshapen stranger from the land of fay
Is all that tells her of her own loved child ;
That ravished infant is the soul thou leftest
Informing outward beauty in thy bride ;

The changeling entered while the helms thou
cleftest—

O had thy brother near thee fought and died,
Not his, not his had been the forfeit-glory,
The regent's sceptre—O not his had been
The dooming voice in that sad Consistory,
Which Almain laws in such a pass convene.'
He spoke in riddles ; then, with import clearer,
To Memphian Nile he bade me change this Rhine—
Roland to Joseph—One yet nearer, dearer,
To her——

Nor speech, nor thought, nor life were mine.

IV.

Roland, my brother, after that dark day
When fainting on the summer sward I lay,
Hurled from my charger by the rush of Woe,
No single knight, a many-legged foe—
After that drear and dreadful moment, when,
(Fulfilled the care of kindly wayside men,)
To life not life and home not home restored
I gazed scarce conscious on a bloody sword,
And heard the Council in my name had done
A deed that left my world without a sun—
How fell it reason left me not, nor power
With toils of state to fill each daylight hour ?
How fell it, eve by eve, my soul could dree
The tale of anguish told by Memory ?
O Light and Beauty, not of withering bowers,
Yet nearer mortal men than beams and flowers !
O Love all-circling, like the summer air,
To homeward wings a sweetness everywhere !

O Land of crescent rest and hope, whose door,
The holy Cross, is open evermore !
Lo ! to that portal, in the Saving Name,
In gentle tones One called me and I came ;
There, purged the guilt and lost in love the gloom,
My life is waiting immarcescent bloom,
And not all homeless in my home I move
While my soul clasps the soul of her I love.

Ah ! that long summer and its many woes—
How little dreamed I of one more to come !
For thou could'st look upon the trellised rose
And track the swallows in and out their home ;
Thou could'st have reached the lindens, though no
gale
They had sent forth to lead thee far along ;
And, when the night was listening in the vale,
Thou to its bower could'st have tracked the song.
And now again the swallows are come back,
And now the roses bloom around the door,
And men the odours to the lindens track,
The moonlight music to the sycamore ;

But thou, my brother, in the falling leaf,
From all fair visions thou wert shut, and kind
Encircling grieviers see the king's new grief,
And say in pitying tones, 'the prince is blind !'

When through green lanes and thickly-peopled city
At length without a guide men see thee stray,
Perhaps the generous compensating pity
That cheers thy opening night will die away ;
Perhaps, when dead leaves pave some new November,
And use benumbs and later griefs engross,
They may forget what thou wilt still remember—
That time's recurrence lessens not thy loss—
That, though thy remnant faculties grow keener,
Till ear and hand and mind are almost sight—
Save as they make thy other eyes serener,
Abide unchanged the sorrows of thy night.
O taught to see in sheltering Saint Sophia !
Thy passing blindness is not Mercy's frown ;
With tottering steps thou dost but tread the Via,
The Via Dolorosa to the Crown.

To loss more dread than loss of sight resigned
Thus Charles the wifeless mourned for Roland blind ;
With kindred words ere Roland could reply,
Lo ! in the place of blossom and blue sky,
Clear harp notes preluded the vocal strains
That told of circling hills and time-touched fanes,
And Charles toward the window moved—to see
A wandering minstrel-youth of Italy ;
There in the garden, that by song's accord
The troubled heart to rest might be restored,
The stranger stood ; that anodyne discerned,
The stricken monarch to the prince returned,
And, outward to the song they twain beguiled,
Among the roses thus sang Roma's Child—

SONG.

There's a Presence of blessing far off in the south,
In the world-famous city where Tiberis strays,
Where the sons of the Fountain are parched by the
drouth,
And the Bride of the Bridegroom half weeps while
she prays.

She came to our midst like a sea-passing bird,
With plumes never dreamed of on tropical shore ;
And they who her song's gentle music have heard
To the song of the nightingale listen no more.

‘Hast thou come from the palm-land to visit our
need,’

(From the stirred heart of Roma thus rises the cry,)

‘To fly o’er the fallows with amaranth seed,
To sing in the night when the nightingales fly ?

We dreamed of strange beauty—we see what we
dreamed ;

O cloud-vestured Occident, claim not our Day ;
The Light lighting all, as at rising has gleamed,
The Saint has re-traversed the Appian way. ’

She tells of no birth but the birth from the Wave,
The Wave flowing still from the life-giving Tree,
Of no roof but the sky overarching the grave,
Of no task but to teach willing slaves to be free.

She says, ' does the song tell of summer delight,
A many-hued splendour the temple inform ?
'Tis the Voice from the Rood giving songs in the
 night,
'Tis the Sun in the rainbow illuming the storm.

' For life-shielding marks has my lintel for dower,
And world-weary spirits find Christ in my cell ;
Thus the spots on the sunny nasturtium flower
To the wild bee the way to the nectary tell.'^b

And bend them the lofty, and carol the sad,
And the sick are made whole, and the foes are made
 one,
And the poor have the things without price to be had,
And the eyes of the blind are beholding the sun.

Minstrel ! we owe thee more than rest and food—
The king averred—for thou hast brought the Rood ;

The hope of seeing eyes and solaced ills
Comes in thy music o'er Helvetia's hills.
We, Charles and Roland, will to Roma go,
The Gracious Rain descending on our woe,
Like faithful Abraham, knowing not the end,
Knowing we follow still the pierced and healing
Friend.

V.

Sure as the sun to things which are not sure—
Fair as the fairest lily of the lea—
Pure as the thing which, if it were not pure,
Were not itself—immortal Poesy—
Shrinking from praise as shrinks the green mimosa,
Yet yielding ampler fruit than any boughs—
So true, so fair, so pure is Dolorosa,
She whose sad garment seems to mourn a spouse.
How through the crownless City's drear waste places
From door to door to seek the lost she goes,
Or, with the wanderer found, the way retraces,
Sure as the Tiber to the ocean flows!
How at her voice is hushed the voice of weeping,
While to all lands the good news travels far,
'The blind have eyes now and the lame are leaping,
And cloudless shines the bright and morning Star!'

What wonder, then, from many a distant home
If many a pilgrim to her door should come?
What wonder then, if, in the deepening shade
Of summer eve, her meek attendant maid
Cry, 'Lo! with pageant that bespeaks a king,
There comes a mourner from the north to bring—
Since angels here the healing waters move—
His latest grief to Dolorosa's love;
Who would not mourn to pitying ruth inclined?
One of his house, who late had eyes, is blind.
In night intenser than this flying night,
He to thy presence with the morning light
Will come; the king the while will wait and pray
The growing sunlight may be doubly day.'

And fled the Sister to the shrine, and there,
Alone with Mercy, spent the night in prayer.
When to the city came the morning light,
And near her was the sightless, asking sight,
The early voices of the heavenly Bride
Still echoing in that after-voice, she cried—

‘ Think not, O sorrowing Prince ! through ought in
me

The sad have comfort and the darkened see ;
The kneeling little one may prove the spell
That brings the world to Dolorosa’s cell ;
Before the sun may cheer again those eyes,
Beyond the sun the voice of prayer must rise,
The Light who came to die, that darkening sin
No more should darken, must give light within.
Say, sightless Brother ! hast thou Him for Sun,
Things unrevealed by these dim dawns revealing ?
Or after mire-born meteors hast thou run,
Tartarean gloom the narrow way concealing ? ’

‘ Sister ! whene’er I list the heavenly scroll,
Ah ! to my bane I grasp a sword that’s hiltless ;
For mercy there, like judgment, tells my soul
I have forsworn and done to death the guiltless ;
Ah ! to my spirit through the fields of space
Came her sweet song, and set in gracious motion
The heavenly spells that brought me from the place
Where Circe pours the soul-transforming potion ;

Then in her wake I trode the holy ground,
And climbed the mountain, till the wind was chilly—
Then set to watch, I sought to stain, but found
Only with crimson I could stain that Lily.
Ye that can sorrow, let the tears be poured,
And let the mighty sob convulse the being—
Ah ! slandered wife and foully widowed lord !
Ah ! lawless eyes the two-fold darkness dreeing !
Ah ! sad and sombre from the path of dream,
Of drearier dream than ought in elfin story,
How would I give, for one faint inner gleam,
The great sun flooding hill and shrine with glory !

Sister ! since all will be laid bare at Compt,^c
All to lay bare in Time I make decision ;
I know thy counsel would this purpose prompt—
Wilt thou through Roma guide my darkened vision ?
Wilt thou go with me to the king ? What though
Before my tale go nought in herald-tabard,
I have more fear of stunned and speechless woe
Than that this breast should be a rapier's scabbard—

O generous Charles, who would'st the drowning save,
How shall I tell thee things thou all abhorrest,
Thy sweet wife sleeping in a bloody grave
Beneath that oak tree in the Rhineland forest ?'

And wept the sister when the wail was stayed,
And wept ALBERTA, meek attendant maid ;
And MAX, the fair-haired, threshold-waiting page
Dismissed, the Sister gave her hand, that gage
Thrown down to darkness, far through many a street
Homeward to guide the prince's faltering feet ;
Silent awhile they journeyed ; then the voice
Of one who long had waited to rejoice
Exclaimed, ' My brother ! art thou thus returned ?
Where are the eyes for which these eyes have
yearned ?

The mighty pleadings have they lost their might
Which gave the mourner joy, the sightless sight ?
Or brings the pleader simultaneous birth
Of longed-for gladness to our common dearth ?'


Standing within a kingly wayside door,
Speaking as one who soon might speak no more—

‘Sire ! the green turf beneath that forest tree,
Had there been justice, had been grave to me ;
Thy wife, not I, had holy Joseph’s meed ;
I, not thy wife, renewed the tempter’s deed ;
I, her sworn guardian, to the ruthless laws
Of this stern age delated her white cause,
And—but thou knowest. O I ask not sight ;
I ask not quittance of whate’er requite ;
The Sister guiding, I but ask to stand
At the Great Judgment, on the King’s right hand.’

Then from the Sister came the cry ‘ I live !
Husband and Brother ! now thou wilt forgive.’
And, his eyes opening on the things he marred,
Roland saw Charles embracing Hildegarde.

VI.

Sire ! while thy home-returning life was swoon—
Between the setting sun and rising moon
Thy other life seemed waning—to the green
Rhine-bordering forest they led forth the queen ;
They led her forth by stroke of sword to die ;
They thought no pitying thing beheld ; but I,
Forlorn Alberta, late the Castle's Child,
Companion later of wild fawns, and wild
Songbirds—I, nestless, falcon-fearing dove,
Had found a leafy nest their swords above.
The Queen had bid me to my kinsfolk flee ;
But I, three sunrises and sunsets three,
Fearless had fluttered round her prison's walls,
As from ringed throat emitting plaintive calls.
The shades were deepening, and with agile feet
The woe-worn Child had sought her bowered
retreat—
Its earliest clangor at a dungeon's door,
A trump sang halt beside her shelter's floor.



- . Impervious to the lights of heav'n that tree,
That which was afterwards I could not see ;
There was no need of moon or star to tell
That which my spirit could discern so well ;
So well my spirit can discern it now !
There were no tones that told of blenching brow,
There was no clinging to this loveless zone
To mar that passing to a better throne ;
For king, for prince, for enemies, for all
Who loved her still, that crimeless criminal,
Among the jeering soldiers, that sad even,
Prayed—then commended her white soul to Heaven ;
Then my lips opened for the mighty shriek—
Oh ! through those lips I heard another speak,
As if an angel, through the starlit air
Had come to cry to cruel sword, ' Forbear ! '

' Forbear ! ' the cry was, and in utter dread
Of heavenly hosts camped round, the soldiers fled ;
So blood their homeward sword might still imbrue
Some harmless creature of the wood they slew,

With mute deception to sad eyes to say
The light of all the land had passed away ;
They fled—and she whom they had thought to kill,
And she they saw not, in the once more still
Forest, lest time their gratitude should numb,
Passed to the place from which that Voice had come,
Passed to the place of solace, from that woe—
Then rose, wherever Love might lead, to go.

Their lot by day the forest path, their lot
Through the brief night the slumber-shielding grot—
Their spring the runnel, and their daintiest fare
That which the wild wood gives, the wild birds share,
Save when kind Pity by the woodman's shed
That wild fruit tempered with her milk and bread—
Their task the balm of wayside plants to gauge—
Journeying they reached a holy hermitage,
Where herbs and simples, deftly ranged, revealed
A grey-haired toiler in the selfsame field ;
He to the strangers of his little gave
From fruitful garden and from cooling wave ;

He their scant gleanings from the gracious lore
Of wildwood healing by his own made more ;
He to their present sorrow's soon told tale,
And to their lifting of the future's veil
Spake but of Roma—' thither wend ; for there
The holy Father waits to comfort care ;
There, cheered and cheering, ye may walk the way
Till breaks on gloom the Everlasting Day.'

To Roma went they, pilgrim-garbed, and there
The holy Father comforted their care,
Gave the meek outcast's two-fold art a field
Where two-fold ill might hearken and be healed,
Gave the fond girl what long her meed had been,
To serve and list and love the gentle queen,
Till life to either in the world should fail—
Lo ! now nascent Joy has told the tale.

And Roland spoke of Palestine's blest shore,
And prow turned eastward, and the hope once more

Of climbing thither whence so far he fell,
So might his sorrow on Christ's tomb outwell.
And Charles avowed—My life shall be a song
Of thanks to Pity who has righted wrong,
And brought my Lily back to mortal day,
Not from drear cavern of the land of fay—
From sword unsheathed the innocent to kill,
From that worse death, a name cast out as ill ;
Nor unremembered in my grateful vows
She, who her people and her father's house
Forgot for wildbeast-haunted Rhineland wood,
And for that prison's perilous neighbourhood,
Wherein, while Constancy around was flying,
The light of all the land to time was dying ;
Dear to her girlhood is the meed, I ween,
To serve and list and love the gentle queen ;
But they who gaze along the years to be
Full oft her lifemate in her playmate see ;
Her heart, they say, will find the half it lacks—
She will fare homeward with true-hearted Max.
So word of thanks be full, to her whom she
Alone then honoured, all dear honour be !

My Wife ! my Risen from the doubly dead
The love of Roma halo to thy head !
Through days to be, for wrongs all wrongs above,
How shall I pay just recompense of love ?
How could I slight that way-directing dream,
That noonday clearer than that night esteem,
Then list the voice of him who early fell,
And not the lovely life I should have known so well ?
O crassly credulous and dim of sight !
Was ever lily known that was not white ?
Though not my bidding delved that forest tomb,
I was consenting to the direr doom,
Then nearer things unseen was fain to fly ;
In that changed world to linger was to die.
Ah ! to this present that dark past should be——

Then spake the queen—

A Cross-lit Memory ;

That Dial set among unfading Flowers,
That Shadow numbering none but sunny hours.^d

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED & SEVENTY-NINE.



FAR o'er the billows of the Austral Sea
A Voice is calling—' Come, my sons, to me ;
Of all ye have the best and fairest bring
To my last-built Shrine for offering.
The varied harvest of the human mind,
The thought embodied, to fair ends designed,
The generous toil that lessens toil to come,
The thousand trifles that make bright the home,
The wheels that whirl all day, declaring still
The giant Steam the liegeman of your skill,
The fleece excelling Jason's fleece—wherein
Brave men may work their work, their meed may
win,
The woof which sovran Beauty may endue,
That Flower which thinks not of its scent and hue—

What Nature lavishes from morn till even,
 What Art reveals, the glass of earth and heaven,
 I, PEACE, the heav'n-descended, southward call
 Far o'er the billows to my Festival.'

The Ocean-winds far outward bear the cry ;
 The Ocean-winds bring many-voiced reply—
 ' From realms whose kings are Night and Snow,
 From fruitful plains where stars of morning glow,
 From streets where Hope and Duty toiling dwell
 In sunset citadel,
 From sands that know the Arab's tent,
 From isles with summer redolent,
 Thy accents in our ears still ringing,
 Of all we have the best and fairest bringing,
 In southward hastening ships across the foam
 We come, we come.
 Though words which strike the air with varying
 sound
 Of heart with heart the outward converse bound,
 Though leagues which sever hand from hand increase,
 We have one Mother and her name is Peace;

Mother ! who settest thy all-sheltering Tent
 In the far-reaching Austral Continent,
 Now we will make this war-worn orb thy Fane,
 Its roof the sky, its floor the land and main,
 And there the sons of toil thy sons shall be,
 In selfless labour their one rivalry ;
 The battle-standards of the nations furled,
 The years shall make thy microcosm a world.
 Now to thy last-built Temple's towers and dome,
 Like weary children to their parent's home

We come, we come ;

Now, in the City of thy choice,
 We follow to its fount the calling voice ;
 Lo ! where she sits beside the Austral water,
 Beautiful Sydney—in the days to be,
 Perhaps a mighty Mother's mightier Daughter
 A Venice wedded to an ampler sea !

Yet not her empire-site,
 Her gardens with the bloom of all lands bright,
 And not her sea-breeze-waving woods
 O'erhanging free-born multitudes,
 As bids that Fane, can bid aspirers soar,

Declaring war shall cease,
 Declaring what is Peace,
 Occasion blest to learn the only lore—
 Only with foes unseen to strive,
 Ever, beneath the clouds, to live
 The life that shall be Peace for evermore.'

As on the winds the last word dies away,
 To other chords a Voice takes up the lay—
 'Speak ye of Peace for evermore,
 While all the harvests in one house ye store?
 O days to be, with unknown issues rife!
 Ye who forecast them, hear the voice of STRIFE.
 That dream of Peace for evermore—those towers,
 The brief lived emblems of that dream's few hours—
 Have ye not proved them? Count your mighty
 spoil,
 Ye who by Thames and Seine and Ister toil!
 Of your far-echoing human hive,
 Ye workers of the west! what sweets survive?
 The squadrons passing by the isles of Greece—
 The blood-stained Chersonese—

The bullets piercing Austria's shield
 On Solferino's, on Sadowa's field—
 The land of hope beyond the western star
 Where sundered brothers tried the gage of war—
 The angry legions rushing o'er the Rhine
 To trample France's vine—
 Hark! hark! from Plevna has not died away
 The clangor of the Moslem's broken sway—
 Hark! hark! in Zulu kraal, on Afghan steep,
 Round English firesides, sonless mothers weep—
 As waking rays the worth of dreams evince,
 These test the visions of the blameless Prince,
 And say, from shore to shore though moved your
 Shrine,
 The years bear witness that the world is mine.'

 ' The cedar tends toward the sky '—
 The heav'n-descended Mother makes reply—
 ' The sons of Peace toward their end
 With stedfast aim ascend ;
 But not in mountain-bowers dark green
 Against the tempest wars that Aid unseen,

Which, in the roar of battle, bids my son

Toil on, toil on,

In gentle patience till his task is done.

Where then thy wild war-burdened tale?

We win, when having done our best, we fail.

This fair new land where I have set my tent,

This vast Isle-continent,

In all that makes men true and brave and free,

In tongue's, thought's, custom's, hope's, identity,

To pilgrims from a northern shore

Is but old England young once more—

O we will strive, though seem our striving vain,

To make this world of war and pain

More like the world beyond the starry dome,

The exile's Home.

Now Fancy waves her wand, and dying May

Becomes September's seventeenth day ;

In Halls translucent, o'er a purpose done

Ascends the orison ;

From Music's heart, from Joy's profound

Into the vastness rush the waves of sound,

While His new House the Prince of Peace makes
free

Unto Humanity.

From shortening northern days and withering bowers
Men pass to opening summer and its flowers ;
So may the winter of their discord cease !
So may their spirits pass from Strife to Peace ! ’



EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-ONE.



O THOU who—traversed Biscay's stormy sea,
Traversed the streamlet, 'rival realms dividing'—
Through the fair land of mirth and melody
In mighty song thy Pilgrim still art guiding !
No foeman now among her vineyards riding,
Her Monarch's youth renewing still her own,
She thinks of thee, and northward turns confiding
The echoes linger though the voice has flown ;
She calls on England's bards to crown her Calderon.

Listening entranced to music bicentennial
She asks for music ; she, fair southern queen,
Our transient roses with the bays perennial
Would twine before our island woods are green ;
Ah ! in my garden what of bloom is seen ?

There are sweet violets and snowdrops white ;
 Ah ! in my spirit had there alway been
 Some touch of what they symbolize, I might
 Have met with surer lance each many-laurelled
 knight.

But I will robe me in the singing-robe^f
 Which Spenser wore, and, after him, the wild
 Far and wide roaming singer of the globe,
 Who first from Spain the continents beguiled ;^g
 And I would bear a scutcheon undefiled
 Into the tourney ; I would ask to be
 Content if Heav'n have on the vanquished
 smiled ;
 No surge-like Iliad may survive the sea,
 But poets must live on, though dead their poetry.

Fair Spain ! thy retrospect's two hundred years,
 The muse would ask thee what was their first
 morn—
 A household's gladness or a nation's tears ?

A Joy departed or a Hope new born ?
It was the moment when thou wept'st forlorn,
The warfare ended of thy warrior strong ;
To fourscore years and one his days had worn,
And then death's angel perfected the song,
Which down the aisles of time rolls anthem-like
along.

Not till the soldier from the field of strife
Comes back victorious does he wear the bay ;
Not till the martyr has laid down his life,
As angels reckon is his natal day ;
Not when the summer sunset's latest ray
Has faded from the west, the woods are still,
For then the nightingale begins her lay
Among the shades, as if each call and trill
The songs of all the hours would sum—inform—
fulfil.

Say—for more near the flying hours are bringing
The morning-stars that harbinger the Sun—

Say what thy Poet in the dark is singing,
Singing to souls whose task is not yet done.

‘ No night to dream of earthly garlands won ;
No night to watch while Fancy builds her towers ;
The wheeling bats the holy daylight shun,
The demons round the dreamer fly, all hours,
Who wars with flesh and blood and not with thrones
and powers.

Saviour ! all day upon the mountain’s brow
Extending hands pierced through by torturing
nails !
The darkness of the Cross enshrouds thee now,
And shall enshroud thee yet, while time prevails ;
If in that darkness sing the Nightingales,
And souls the music, as from windows, hear,
Out of its heart there come not wordless wails,
Nor dream-born words. Articulate, austere,
They sing the Cross and those to whom the Cross is
dear.

They sing the mournful and mysterious even
Before the Saviour's Passion, when He said
' This is My Body,' to His friends eleven,
' This is My Blood, which is for many shed,'
On the great morning of the Presence Dread
They wreathe Supernal Silence with sweet
sound ;^h

But whoso drinks that Cup and eats that Bread
The Pearl of untold price in time has found,
Has passed within the veil, and moves on holy
ground.

There are two wills within man's spirit ; one
Has for its emblem that fair Memphian maid,ⁱ
Who, withering praises and wild loves to shun,
Fled from the world to desert land Thebaid ;
There to the Bridegroom all day long she prayed,
There learned of Him the flesh to crucify—
Ah ! in the world which she had left displayed
Her sculptured form none passed unhonoured by,
For Zeus (the Ill One said) had caught her to the
sky.

It was that morning when, with votive flowers
And choric hymns, they linked Eugenia's name ;
It was that morning when, with penal powers,
An unknown desert youth to judge they came ;
He had to answer to a charge of shame ;
By his first words they knew him pure of all ;
A glorious guilt¹ rejoicing to proclaim,
He cried, ' Before a sculptured form ye fall,
Ye have arraigned and judged the poor original.'

Ye who so oft your love asunder rift—
Who haunt the holy solitude, yet find
Still sweet the praises of some cherished gift,
Some fair but transient charm of mien or mind !
How will ye play the part by Heav'n assigned
Those whom for His the King of Martyrs owns ?
How, like Eugenia, will ye sweetly wind
Your life's last music to victorious tones²
Whose will so oft would rise to false Olympian
 thrones ?

O spirit not yet dead of old romance !
O knightly hearts uncuirassed in the crowd !

O time-long vigil when for shield and lance
 To prayer and fast Heav'n's chivalry are vowed !
 O steadfast will, by magic spells not bowed !
 O tempest-vexed, rock-founded Purity !¹
 O princely choice of pain, that re-endowed—
 In freedom's cause refusing to be free—
 On Africa's sad shore, the world with Calvary ^m

The captive Sigismund,ⁿ Clotaldo greeting
 After that wildering daylight dream said well
 Life is a dream, but only in its fleeting,
 For life's result shall overlive life's knell ;
 But Nature's timeless tendencies foretell
 Attainment blest, each starry summer even ;
 The listening soul may sing like Philomel,
 And, when Orion and the radiant Seven
 Are set, may rise and shine, their antitype, in heaven.*

Like the bright sunshine and the balmy air,
 And glistening flowers and mavis-haunted tree

And all the pleasant wayside things we share
As we pass on toward eternity,
Though other chords° in this high harp there be
Dear to our leisure, yet of mortal tone,
The minstrel, still, of all his minstrelsy
The sweet strains loved that make the nations one,
And crown through all the years the crowns of
Calderon.

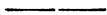
Said I that when the sea shall be no more
The poetry of time shall have like fate ?
Will not the Maker, on the timeless shore,
The human heart's creations new-create ?
Ah ! in this life our songs are inchoate ;
We know not if ought more their sound betide ;
We know what we ourselves may be ; the great
And perfect song is manhood sanctified,
The travail of the soul of Him for all who died.

ANGELUS MUNDI.



I.

EXTERNAL Nature, in the form of a beautiful angel, comes before the writer's spirit. He tries to describe the beauty, as he hears it, and as he sees it. As he hears it in the song of the lark ; as he hears it in memory in the song of the nightingale. As he sees it in the flowers, in moorland hill and river ; as he has seen it by the sea. He calls on migratory birds and sea-faring men to reveal to him the wonders of the central deep. He thinks that the sea-thoughts of the ancients and his own ocean-angel may have risen from a common source.



Beautiful ! O beautiful !

Beautiful with all the flowers ;

Winter snowdrop, summer rose,
And the aster, autumn star,
And the spring-time violet ;
Fair and fragrant flower-lives
Parted by the changing sun,
Yet in poet-garland meeting,
Beautiful ! O beautiful !

Beautiful with hill and stream ;
Hill, a moorland mother lone,
Waiting in the storms her hour ;
Stream, her sunny laughing child,
Downward, from the winds and mist,
Ever downward frolicking ;
Through the furze-lit rocky valley,
Through the long deep wayside hollow,
Past the many villages ;
In the fields a merry playmate,
At the mill a fellow-toiler,
At the meeting of the waters
Changing, like a bride, her name.
Beautiful with dawn and dark ;

Dawn, the cheerful kindly friend,
Rousing all things to their work
In this mighty house, the world :
Dark who, when their work is done,
O'er them watches in her stars.
Dawn, at whose first beam, the lark
Springs to the far deeps of grey,
Singing, as he soars and soars,
' Beautiful ! O beautiful !'
Dreaming not that far adown,
Near a tiny cornfield nest,
Men cry out of song and sun
' Beautiful ! O beautiful !'
Then to their day's toil pass on,
Sorrowing that men not yet
Sunward with their songs may soar.

Say, with songs of dawn alone,
Angel ! art thou beautiful ?
O in restful leisure hours
Thy sweet Presence comes to me,
As to some poor singing bird,

Singing but the simplest part
In the music of the wood ;
For bleak hill and sunny stream
Dancing down its rocky bed,
And with changing sun all flowers,
And in changing woods all songs,
In sweet order these are here,
Thee in these I list and view,
And I sing my song's refrain,
' Beautiful ! O beautiful !'
But when darkness casts her shroud
O'er thy sunny loveliness,
And thou lookest down in stars,
Where is then thy sweetest voice ?
Ah ! these silent western shades !
Who would list thy nocturns sweet,
Or to Malvern's orchard-meads,
Or to Surrey's cedared lawns,
Or to Wight's sea-belted bowers
He must fly in phantasy ;
These drear January dawns,
The pale snowdrop their one flower,

Their one voice the robin's song,
Phantasy to glorious eyes
Redolent with summer turns,
When sleep seems a wrong to night,
When night seems serener day.
Need he then ask where thy voice,
Angel of the outer world?
O the leafy heart of night
Throbs with song of nightingale!
O thou watchest in the stars
Nightly—dost thou hear the songs
Sung beyond the sapphire dome,
Sung within the blinding veil
Cast by sun and stars 'twixt men
And the Near Invisible?
For it was not in our isle,
Nor in those far summer lands
Whither, over the blue sea,
Our brief summer flown, she flies,
Nor at any window-sill,
Where 'the wandering harper,' Wind,
Comes and harps to men and flowers,

She was taught that melody.
Now awhile she lists and lists,
Now again she sings and sings
‘ Beautiful ! O beautiful ! ’
Dreaming not, among the shades,
How the poets of all years
Set their truest sweetest songs
To her music—singing still
‘ Beautiful ! O beautiful ! ’

Beautiful thou art with these,
These fair inland scenes and songs ;
O and with the mighty sea,
Angel ! thou art beautiful.
Far adown the southern cliffs,
England’s outer battlements,
I have seen it surge and surge ;
I have heard it chime and chime
Softly, half a summer night,
On the peaceful Hastings beach ;
I have watched it break and break
At the threshold of men’s homes,

In our island's far south-west
Where the other shore is Spain—
Who has watched its central moods ?
Who has seen this inland sun
Rise and set on shoreless sea ?
Who will lend an inland harp
Ocean-music masterful ?
O fleet migratory plumes,
Halfway 'twixt the summers flying,
Swallow, say ; say, nightingale,
What strange ocean-birds ye meet
Halfway 'twixt the azures poising ?
What strange harmonies ye hear
O'er your own mute music surging ?
Ah ! ye stay not at my call ;
Ah ! ye think of leaf and sward,
And the summer of the south.
O far-wandering mariners—
Not to you this water-world,
With its myriad moving life,
A mere path from shades to shades—
Ye have looked on coral isles

II.

EXTERNAL NATURE, in the form of a sorrowful Angel, comes before the Writer's spirit. In accordance with what he deems the cause of that sorrow, he wonders that the guiltless should be mortal, while guilt-stained man has the promise of immortality. He marks the Angel, in his selflessness, coming to man, and saying, 'Thou art immortal; by the example of my flowers, my birds, my river, my sea, so live that thy immortality may be a blessed one. If thou doest of choice what they do of necessity, thy beauty shall be more beautiful, thy songs more sweet, even here, than mine.' The writer rejoins with a lamentation that one who thus tells him the way should have no hope of the Home. Contrasting the sky with a village church, the temple of mortality with the temple of immortality, he laments that one who, under the

former, is omnipresent, should have no part with spiritual beings in the latter. Standing within the church, he thinks of the Angel as an exile, sorrowing outside the church windows, outside the churchyard graves. Coming back through the church-porch into the churchyard, he thinks of the day when, through the doors of the grave, the dead will come back from death to life. He, returning, finds the Angel beautiful, though sorrowful; they, returning, will find him beautiful no longer—sorrowful for evermore.

Sorrowful ! O sorrowful !
Sorrowful, but not with thorns
Making the white rose a pain ;
Not with growths by Maro mourned,
Gentle poet of the fields
In his own sweet Italy ;
Not with war of life with life,
Waged in air, on plains, in deep ;
Not with earthquake and with storm—
Angel! thou art sorrowful ;

Thou art Earth and Sky and Sea,
In their ever-innocence,
Coming to a human door,
Sentient, yearning, sorrowful ;
Sentient, as some elder-born,
Gifted fair with mortal gifts,
Yet without th' undying trine,
Thought and will and memory ;
Yearning, as who dimly knows—
Knows by the strange pain he bears,
Knows by the glad news he tells
Mutely, darkly, wondrously—
What has been his brother's past,
What may be his time to come ;
Sorrowful, as one whose lot,
Cast in dreary ancient days,
Told him death was lifelessness ;
Dying he to this dim sun
Saw the brother of his love
Breathing still beneath its beams ;
Sorrowful as he—far more—
Thou to man dost cry, ' Farewell !'

Mine are the few guilty years,
Thine the guiltless centuries ;
Never into field of thine
In thy morning fell the seed
Which makes sad the harvest-home ;
Yet, O Angel, thou must die,
As must he who wrought thee wrong,
Yet his death is but a change,
Thine the ever-end of life ;
Yet thou standest at my door
Only selfless Tenderness,
Bidding me behold in things
Where such beauty I behold
Beauty far more beautiful ;
See (thou sayest) sun and flowers ;
As a band of gentle maids,
At their youthful leader's word,
On the greensward, turn by turn,
Sing the song and dance the dance,
Making tuneful merriment—
As, beneath their father's eye,
On the greensward, turn by turn,

Youthful athletes try the leap,
Keeping glorious holiday—
So, 'neath fervid beams, or pale,
Bloom and fade away the flowers ;
O the hardy snowdrop-tuft,
Blossoming in new-year frosts,
March half over, blossoming !
O the honeysuckle-arch,
Making all the garden sweet,
When May bids it bend with bloom !
O the multiflora-blossoms
Round the window clustering !
There (thou sayest, Angel meek !)
There in miniature am I,
But an empty picture-frame,
Till some lonely human thing,
Out of inner shades advancing,
With a masterpiece immortal
Fills that frame of withering flowers.
Yet beneath the common sun
Men may learn of flow'rs to bloom
So as not, as flow'rs, to die ;

Springing from a hidden root,
Hidden deep in fairest ground,
Men may be true amaranths ;
Snowdrops glistening in June ;
Roses brightening all the house
Not alone in summer-time ;
Asters making earth a sky,
When, in life's September gales,
Men are crying, ' Where are flowers ?'
Through life's changeful April day,
Sweetest, whitest violets.

Am I beautiful with music ?
Wake thou music more sublime ;
O Sun-singer, soar at morning,
Then to tend thy nest come down.
O undying Nightingale,
Sing thy nocturns, eve by eve ;
Sing, forgetting not the hour
When, from these fast-withering woods,
Far across the sombre sea,
Thou shalt fly to Summer-land ;

There to sing through nightless day,
Though my midnight melodies
There no more with thine shall blend.
Wilt thou be my moorland river
Glassing in its breast the sun,
Northward, seaward, calmly flowing,
Never o'er the green banks straying,
Save when full-charged clouds o'erbreaking
Come with counter-mandates down ?
Wilt thou set thy spirit's plaining
To my ocean's ebb and flow ?
Hast thou seen Diana's chariot
Still by tameless wild stag drawn ?
Is she but a dream in marble ?
Lo ! her namesake of the sky,
The white circling clouds her chariot,
O'er the harnessed billows riding
Orders silently their way.

O the music and the beauty !
Angel ! are they then not thou ?
Are they but the wayside friend—

Ah! not homeward bound with me—
Pointing out the homeward way?
But the poet's first thoughts sweet
Rising with the rising soul,
Perfect man the perfect song?
Angel of the world! O Angel
Beautiful and sorrowful!
With thy gentle self-forgetting
Thou hast hushed awhile my cry;
Now once more I wake its wailing,
'Sorrowful! O sorrowful!'
Underneath thy starry dome
Thou art with me everywhere,
Talking to me in the streams,
Singing to me in the birds,
Laughing welcome in the flowers,
Laughing welcome merrily;
Where art thou beneath yon Roof,
Home of all the scattered homes
In the hamlet of our love?
May not Angel enter there?
Angels from the corbels lean;

Angels light the windows' light ;
Where the heav'nly music rolls
Angels list Saint Cecily ;
Angels, not by chisel carved,
Nor by master's pencil traced,
Nor to men's eyes visible,
Thither, silent, come and come.
Mortal Angel ! where art thou ?
Is it thy mortality
'Gainst thee bars the happy doors,
While they are wide open thrown
To my guilt-stained deathlessness ?
Angels here and guilty men,
Guiltless Angel ! where art thou ?
Ah ! without the eastern panes,
In the wind-stirred autumn boughs,
Sorrowful thou lookest in,
Sorrowful ! O sorrowful !
Like the Peri barred from joy ;
While, as though thou would'st have part
In the happy news which there
Mary hears from Gabriel,

Far adown the northern wall
Steals the quivering leafy shade,
Present when the prayers begin,
Passing ere their cadences.

Am I where thou canst not come,
Outcast Angel of the world ?
Ah ! not less, where thou art now,
As it seems me, outside Heaven,
They who toiled among the streams,
Where thou canst not go, are gone.
Peacefully as, in past eves,
Underneath some neighbour roof
They would lay them down to sleep,
They have laid them down to sleep
Underneath the Churchyard sward.
Tender Angel ! there art thou,
There the raindrops are thy tears,
There thy winds sweep sighingly ;
There thou givest human hands
As the seasons roll, thy flowers ;
There save when, in winter's gloom,

Prophet of the raiment white
Thou dost spread thy snowy pall,
As they wither, sister wreaths
Ceaselessly succeeding tell
How the mortal seed below
Is an immortality.

Now from the still home of souls
Through the carven southern porch,
Back into thy world I pass,
Angel ever sorrowful ;
So, through opening greensward doors,
They who now within them sleep,
As they went shall come again,
Ere they pass to worlds not thine.
Will they find thee as I find thee
Beautiful though sorrowful ?
Beautiful, alas ! no longer,
Sorrowful thou shalt be then,
Sorrowful ! O sorrowful !
Sorrowful with cadenced music,
Sorrowful with starless sunset ;

Sorrowful with earth and heaven
To their ever-grave departing ;
Sorrowful with love all-lifeless ;
Sorrowful that dread day thou.

III.

THE beautiful and sorrowful Angel of the world passes away, and Beautiful, Sorrowful, Pitiful, the Saviour comes. In answer to His servant's thoughts and yearnings, He says that the dream 'was not all a dream'—that in guiltless things He is present, sitting as a King on His throne; at the door of the guilty He stands and knocks. He says that if the Angel seems to mourn that he is mortal, he might also seem to rejoice that, in so many ways, he tells man the way to a happy immortality. In answer to the lament that the Angel should have no part in the world of which the village church is a door, He compares Nature's voices to the tones under the stops of a Cathedral organ; *Vox Humana*, in unison with *Vox Divina*, harmonizing and dominating all. Thus, as a chief singer gives the note, He enunciates the Incarnation; His servant takes the note, and, in connection

with things both mortal and immortal, sings it to the end. As the whole poem is the question, 'Lord, and what shall this man do?' a vision of the Christian pilgrimage finally gives the answer, 'What is that to thee? follow thou Me.'

Beautiful and sorrowful
Angel! art thou with me still?
Is the gentle Voice I hear
That same Voice which I have heard
Crying from the southern waves
'Linger, linger,' yearningly?
Is the Form on which I gaze
That same Form which I have seen
With my filmy inner eyes,
In these inland solitudes,
When the songs of birds and rills,
And the beams of sun and flowers,
Like some poor dumb yearning friend,
Came and overbowed my cares?
Earthly Angel! is it thou?

Here are not an Angel's wings
Saying he must fly away ;
Here are weary human feet
Coming as to their own home ;
Here are outstretched human hands,
Here are pleading human eyes,
Here all is humanity ;
Yet, as on those eyes I look,
Out of their pellucid depths
More than man looks back on me ;
On the Ocean-shore I stand,
Out of the great deep a Voice,
Pitiful ! O pitiful !
Crying to me, ' Fly thou not,'
Makes my seaside dream no dream.

Hast thou (hark ! He speaks to me),
Hast thou cried of earth and heaven
' Beautiful ! ' O beautiful !'
Hast thou scanned their many stars
Listened to their many songs,
Till they took an Angel's form,

And drew near thy reverie ?
Hast thou heard that angel speak
Crying to thy gift of will,
Promise-linked yet perilous,
Be thou what I cannot be,
Do thou what I cannot do,
Make complete my incompleteness,
Make my beauty beautiful ?
Lo ! wherever guilt is not,
There, as on a royal throne,
Love, the only Beauty, sits ;
Love, the Outcast, stands and knocks
At the door which guilt has barred,
Till the will is changed, and bids
Love, the Pity, enter in.

Hast thou mourned that Innocence
Should be mortal ? hast thou heard,
Jarring with thy song's first note,
Thy song's angel wake the cry,
'Sorrowful ! O sorrowful !'
As, within the house of death,

Toiling on with tear-blind eyes,
With the tiny mourning frock
The reft Mother robes her child—
He, a thing of sunny life,
Stands all mute and wondering—
So, with sadness all thy own
Thou art robing sunny things,
Things which, could they joy or grieve
At their part in life, would joy.
Is it nought, beneath, above,
In the fields and in the clouds,
By the graves and storms to tell
Man of immortality ?
What are spring time fields but graves,
Graves which shall their dead restore ?
What the rainbow but the Sun
Shining through the tear-charged Cloud,
Making darkness beautiful,
Earnest that the flood of fire,
Save for adverse human will,
Shall not drown humanity ?
Hast thou, from the new-year thrush

To December's redbreast sweet,
Heard the songs of all the months ?
Hast thou, from the morning lark
To the sunset nightingale,
Heard the songs of all the hours ?
Hast thou heard the wild-bees humming
In the leafy loneliness ?
Hast thou marked the river-waters,
One day softly murmuring,
One day wild as if that wildness
Would anticipate the tumult
They shall rush to, they shall blend with,
When their river-life is done ?
Hast thou sat among the boulders
Listening to ocean's song,
Or the many-measured harping
Heard wherever wind may wander,
Or by seashore, or in wildwood,
Or around the hamlet home ?
These are Nature's organ-voices,
Through her aisles the forest-vistas,
Round the rocks and hills, her columns,

Near her mighty vault, the heaven,
Pealing, rolling, vibrating ;
Dulciana, diapason,
Hautboy, gemhorn, principal,
Sound the universe's anthem,
In harmonious gradation
To the Vox Humana rising,
Voice which should transcend the stars.
Grieve not then that in yon House,
Earthly home of angels white,
Thy white Angel has not home ;
Rather, at his gentle hest,
Make thy voice his leading tone ;
Vox Humana, Vox Divina,
All the music shall be true.

Vox Humana, Vox Divina !
Tenderest Pity ! This is Thou ;
Thou the Voice that ever was
When there was no other voice—
Thou the Voice that at Thy call
Out of the great Silence came


Through the door of human lips—
Thou, most human, most divine,
Camest, Harmony indeed,
Down into our dissonance.
O how sweetly rang the tones
When the mortal Angel first
Heard his sunny hills and vales
Resonant with guilelessness !
In the northern home they rang ;
O'er the southern river-brink ;
In the place where lions prowl ;
On the night-enshrouded steep ;
Where the birds of air fly fast
O'er the lilies of the field ;
Where the fishers haunt the shore
Of the blue Gennesareth.
O how sadly rang the tones
When the wild inharmony
Sounded in the city-streets,
Rose amid the temple-courts,
Broke without the judgment-hall,
Clanged around dark Golgotha !

Still the gentle Voice spoke on,
Calling, guiding, pleading, warning,
Agonizing, pardoning ;
Ah ! as louder grew the din,
Muter yet the Music grew,
Till, the while the rifted rocks,
And the darkened mid-day heaven
Told the mortal Angel's grief,
On the Hill it died away.

Everlasting Angel ! Son
Of the Everlasting ! Thou
Who in Thy all-timeless life
Wert the All-impassible !
Thou didst take a human Form
That the dreadful nails might rend Thee,
Thou a Heart, that for Thy love
Through and through the spear might pierce
Thee,
Thou a Soul, with unknown pangs
That Thou might'st feel Heav'n-forsaken.

O sweet Orpheus, to Thy feet
Drawing mountains and wild pards—
Hearts earth-cleaving, hearts far roaming—
By the might of melody !
O sweet Orpheus, in the shades
Seeking Her the serpent stung !
By the music of Thy pains
Bringing her from death to life,
Thou shalt never lose her more.

Has my Angel now no place
In the life which springs from death ?
Would he mourn as outcasts mourn,
Had he living sentiency ?
'Twas within his broken heart
Lying, Thou didst sleep Thy sleep ;
'Tis from his transparent wave
Rising, we first live Thy life ;
'Tis through his white harvest-fields
And his sunny vineyard-bowers,
Thou dost give the Bread and Drink
Of our immortality.




Lo ! within thought-nurturing walls,
Ripening for their manhood's work,
Children o'er their lessons bend ;
Lo ! between horizons blue,
Thou, sweet Master, singest clear,
Thou, sweet Master, teachest souls
How to set their songs to Thine.
Mourn I that the dear school-walls
Pass away, their purpose done,
All the scholars perfected ?
Ah ! perhaps the happy Home
Promised, the new earth and heaven,
May be these, all thornless, cloudless,
These, all amaranths their roses,
These, all nightingales their birds ;
He who lived and died and lives
Shining in the midst, their Sun.
O the beauty 'neath the beauty !
O the song and undersong !
O the selfless silent teaching
In the field and in the heaven !
Is not this my Angel's Angel ?

Will there not be resurrection
Of the body of this soul ?
O my river, moorland-rising,
Will thy life 'go on for ever,'
Singing the glad song the poet
Heard beside the 'babbling brook' ?
While we list the timeless lesson
We scarce think the teacher mortal ;
We have hope of summer-splendours
When we see the halcyon.

Who are these who o'er the wold,
With bright lamps and girded loins,
Hasten ?

These are pilgrims blest ;
These, as thou art yearning, yearned ;
These within their sheltered homes
Resting, heard a Voice without
Crying, 'Follow.' They rose up ;
They swift followed Him who called,
Far into the cold dark night,
Whereso'er His steps might turn.




He, the Beauty, sorrow-veiled,
He, Eternal Pity pierced,
He, the Angel of the world,
Travels, with the love scarred feet,
Onward to the lowland's bound.
Now a moment He looks back,
Now He lifts the love-scarred hand,
As to beckon lingerers on ;
Now He turns again, and speeds
Higher, higher, up the crags
Ending in the cloud-veiled steep,
Whose far summit's crown is Joy.

PLUS BELLE QUE PARIS.

‘THESE at least will never enter Paris,’ bitterly exclaimed a young Frenchman, looking at the dead bodies of two Prussian soldiers awaiting interment at Versailles. ‘My son,’ said an aged fellow-countryman, with infinite grace and sweetness, ‘let us hope that they have already entered a far more beautiful city, and that you and I shall be there with them.’

Times Correspondent, Versailles, 1871.

Hark ! the bugle sounds a truce,
Where, against the Paris forts
Prussia's battle breaks and breaks ;
There France watches while the foe
His slain warriors lays to rest.



Hark! Resentment fiercely speaks—

Ah, Dieu merci! notre Paris,
Malgré tout, la Perle du monde,
Ces deux coquins-là, au moins,
Jamais, jamais, n'entreront.

Hark! Forgiveness makes reply—

Ah, mon fils! ne vois-tu pas
Ceux qui entrent une Ville plus belle?
Ah! ces vivans et ces morts,
Qu'ils y soient concitoyens!

Is it France who speaks, or He
Who, when all men were His foes,
To the battle came, our Peace,
Crying from the Cross, 'Forgive!'
Laying down His life for all?

‘POTENS CYPRI.’

MOTHER of men in many lands,
Isle of the north thy home,
Where sea and sky have bridal bands
There rising from the foam !
A noonday sight that classic dream
In its own isle would be,
While thy great war-ships eastward stream
O'er the blue mid-world sea.

O make thou glad the fallow plain
With harvests fair as thine,
And bid the valleys bear again
The olive and the vine ;
With other forests clothe the hills,
And bid the rivers flow,
(No longer stayed their seaward rills,)
Where gardens breathe and glow.

If Hellas yon blue sea stand nigh
Her Iliad to rehearse,
How should yon all-beholding sky
Resound with Shakespeare's verse !
Though mute at home the mighty song,
Unheard in Avondale,
Here should all gentle hearts prolong
Othello's wifeless wail.

Here, in the joy of hearth and field,
Armed for the threatened fight,
On thy sea-tower, the mainland shield
Against the Muscovite ;
Here, from the storm-beat Euxine strand
Far south to Oman's bay,
On Moslem anvil forge the brand
Whose feat is juster sway.

Here to the paths of martyrhood
Send o'er the waves again
The holy ship, the saving Rood
The pennon at her main,

The ship whose deck in Sion's youth
The son of Comfort trode,
To preach the everlasting truth,
That Jesus Christ is God.

More blest that war for Holy Ground
Than war which here had spring
When here thy flag the castles crowned,
Thy lion-heart was king ;
It brings to spirits ' the serene
Of Heav'n ' ; it bids them blend
With life the life unsung, unseen,
Of loving to the end.

BUDE HAVEN.



Look where the flying foam,
Far o'er the windy sea,
Cloudward ascends, then falls
 Like giant snowflakes ;
Look where the noonday sun,
When the white wave retires,
Makes on the foam-strewn sand
 Many a rainbow.

Ah, the wild ocean-wind,
Ah, the white ocean-foam,
Round the long breakwater
 Merrily playing !
Oft in far wilder mood
Fly they o'er hill and field,
Till the bare northern bow'rs
 Tell of sea-changes.

Then speaks the hunter-band,
'What gleams on yonder thorn?
Is it a hoar-frost crown

Crowning the winter?'

Then comes the answer strange,
'Nay, 'tis Atlantic foam,
By the fierce storm-wind whirled
Six leagues to inland.

Ah! on Bude Haven sands
Fast though the foam flakes fall,
There is no rainbow bright
In the foam-bubble;
There the brave life-boat rides,
There the faint cannon booms,
There the doomed vessel fights
With the fell breakers.'

Thou who didst make the sea,
Thou who didst still the storm,
Thou who dost hold the deep
In Thy hand's hollow,

Thou who to rising waves

' Thus far, no farther,' say'st,

Thou to the stormless land

Bring the wrecked sailor !

THE GLORIOUS POET.

J. K.

Who is the Glorious Poet ? He who, graced
With all that poets need of force and fire,
To mortal strains to wed a mortal lyre,
A theme befitting endless life embraced ;
Who, when the last stars of the week expire,
And that most dear oasis in life's waste,
The first-day, gleams, affections oft ill-placed
With pleading music tunes to Sion's Choir ;
Who, with rare gifts, a very nursing sire,
A very watchman set on walls decaying,
Circled by field and cot and stall and byre,
Guided the faithful, followed far the straying,
And has a name with summer sweetness rife,
His last and noblest poem, his own life.

THE KING AND THE FIELD.

THE profit of the earth is for all ; the King himself is served by the field.

Eccles. v. 9.

I.

See'st thou a Table in the harvest-field ?
There, on the wheat when breaks the summer day,
The Children of the Father take their way
Each to a banquet by the blue sky ceiled ;
Whether the sickle of their sires they wield,
Or aids invoke to Poesy less dear,
Or, silent wayside wisdom unrevealed,
In noisy cities toil away the year,
As those in presence, these in heart, draw near
The banquet in the field by Bounty spread ;
In mortal needs, the lowliest hind his peer,
At that fair board the king himself asks bread ;
Thus, in each home, assembled great and small,
The father's hand with plenteousness fills all.

II.

See'st thou—O far beyond the farthest singing,
The farthest star's, the highest angel's, gleam !
O passing earthly seedtime's wildest dream !—
The Bread of Life in fields eternal springing ?
There, where her flight no bird of time is winging,
A timeless bird spreads wings to fly away,
Where'er by field or street the chimes are ringing,
Whate'er the roof above the cage of clay ;
There, to her Spouse, at morn, at noon, at even,
As lark to sun, the faithful soul ascends ;
For Bread the lowly reaper soars to heaven,
For bread the monarch to the cornfield bends ;
As all look down to live the years fourscore,
All must look up to live for evermore.

III.

Dear fields of earth and dearer fields on high !
Between your harvests, wounded, fainting, dying,
Full many a spirit on the way was lying,
Unseen her ills by careless passer-by ;
Ah ! was a lazar-house beneath the sky,
But none went pitying from bed to bed ;
Ah ! was a famine-land, with few to cry—
Few knowing their great need—for Drink and
Bread ;
So blind was man, so mute, so miserable !
So strong to ply the sickle and the flail,
To garner wheat for this world's banquetings ;
So weak to hunger, in the Breadless vale,
For Bread which should come down from heav'n,
the King's,
The Father's, sweetest, crowning His first Table !

IV.

Wilt smile, O father ! when thy youthful son,
Inherent life to crowns attributing,
Exclaims in wonder, ' What ! the land's great king
Eat common bread, like lowliest little one ?'
Nay, let thine eyes with happy tears o'errun ;
More than he knows his artless accents say ;
He tells what mighty things for men were done,
When, faint and dying, by the fields they lay ;
Love, at that sight, in glory could not linger ;
He was no robber when He claimed the Crown ;
He had no need to ask the field for bread ;
He is the Everlasting ; yet, far down,
He, for us men and for our saving, sped,
With field-dependent lips, with healing finger.

V.

Father and Mother and young Child ! How oft
In our own isle the gentle sight is seen !
When twilight falls upon the village-green,
When birds are silent in the bowery croft,
When cease to toil strong hands of sire, and soft
Yet docile fingers of light-hearted boy,
Ere cares of day with garb of day are doffed,
The little household at the hearth has joy.
Parted or meeting its dear souls are one.
While at the board they share the homely meal,
And talk the simple talk of toil and love,
My thoughts, the spirits which around them steal,
Forget the village green, the croft, the grove—
Remember Joseph, Mary, Mary's Son.

VI.


He sees a lovely river's lovelier well,
Who flies in thought our age, our isle, and on
A house among the hills of Lebanon
Looks, as when o'er it other twilights fell.
Needs not to him the silent sky should tell
The wondrous past—the silent mountains wild—
To heavenly contemplation here they dwell,
The Mother-maid, the Foster-sire, the Child.
Here is the home through which all homes have joy.
All pleasant fruits if Esdraelon bear,
If harvests fail not by that inland sea,
It is of Him who stoops our bread to share,
Giver divine of rain and sunshine He—
He, gentle, loving, parent-subject boy.

VII.

Asked Archimedes of the baseless air
Pou sto—a place whence he the world might move?
One came from out of sight such place to prove,
The Son of God, made flesh our griefs to bear.
He passed the gate, He climbed the hill, and where
The hill was not, He rose, the voids to tread;
Ah! not a place to move the world seemed there;
Ah! His friends thought it freedom's dying-bed.
Yet there of many worlds the Mover He.
Not those fair planets, which, around the sun,
Move as to music, entered orbits new;
Worlds, who their course in nether deeps would run,
He to that other Orb of Glory drew
Veiled by a Raining Cloud on Calvary.

VIII.

His wounded Body was that Raining Cloud,
That Veil around the Glory. Yet once more
The wildered muse must change the metaphor ;
He was the Corn of Wheat to dying vowed ;
He to the furrows in the myrrhine shroud
By weeping sowers was borne forth that Spring,
And thus, with Him who wore her thorns endowed,
The field once more did service to the King.
The field had hope of glorious harvest-home ;
For all the summers, as they came and sped,
Had borne mute witness how that Wheat should be
To souls of men that antitypic Bread,
Where King and Field in timeless mystery
Do show the King's dear dying till He come.



IX.


The spoken words, the builded works—O say
By what sure measure shall we mete their years ?
The spoken words shall overlive the spheres,
The works, though 'worthy kings,' shall pass away.
' Where are their words who built, in that far day,
For days to be, the wonder-waking Seven,
Who bade the Memnon greet the morning's ray,
And made fair Art the glass of earth and heaven ? '
O list that work, the wayside-winding river—
Awhile men hear the pleasant wave rejoice,
Awhile they think they travel all alone ;
As they reach home, the once more sounding voice
Comes, like an unremembered word, whose tone
Shall rise at last, to doom or to deliver.

X.

As in the chamber where one waits to die
One of like mien and tone might rise and say,
‘Lo ! from thy door and from thy eyes away
Thou didst send forth thy son ; thy son am I,’
So to the soul some word at last may cry,
‘Lo ! thou didst send me from thy lips, a Doom ;’
Even as a witness, time’s tribunal nigh,
Or asks acquittal or consigns to gloom.
Is there no word for gentle mercy pleading ?
‘My Father sent Me ; I and He are One’—
This is no sound that dies away when heard ;
This is no outcast, but the Only Son,
Our own word’s glorious Archetype, the Word
Out of the mouth of God Most High proceeding.

XI.

Ere He rose up the many worlds to found,
Word of the Father, who His life shall tell ?
He was made flesh, and into mortal ground,
Like lifeless wheat in early spring, He fell ;
He rose, and, risen, would in hearts abound ;
He went on high, and sent a gracious Rain ;
And men make ready for the daisied mound,
In sure and certain hope to rise again ;
For ere the Cross, and ere He had been crowned
With thorns, He gave, He yet will give them Bread,
Until the Word shall be a Trumpet-sound,
The Silent Victim, Judge of quick and dead ;
He is, He yet will be like summer's ray
Quickening the seed until the harvest-day.



XII.

O Wheat of God, which shall be stored above !
O Fields of harvest, which are earth and sea !
My heart, anticipating things to be,
Would search the barren waves for treasure-trove ;
In yearning pain to that dear youth^p would move,
Whose day on far off river-bank had end,
Crowned in departing by that greatest love,
To lay down life for an imperilled friend.
Shall I not give his Mother my last lay ?
Would it were worthier his love and hers !
Would I might meet them on that awful day
When, from all winds, the glistening Messengers
To the great throne's right hand shall speed, and
bring
The harvest-field's last service to the King !

NOTES.

Page 12. Note ^a. DOLOROSA II.

Changing the star for Saint Sophia's shrine.

The writer is aware that the expression 'Saint Sophia' is open to criticism as regards both philology and accent. But, writing in the hope of being read, he thought it best to write and accent it as most Englishmen pronounce it. For his pronunciation of 'consistory' his authority is 'Paradise Regained,' Book I, line 42.

Page 28. Note ^b. DOLOROSA IV.

Thus the spots on the sunny nasturtium flower,
To the wild bee the way to the nectary tell.

An article on the nasturtium, in the *St. James's Gazette*, says that there are on the blossoms certain marks designed to guide the bee to the nectary.

Page 33. Note ^c. DOLOROSA V.

Sister ! since all will be laid bare at compt, &c.

See "Othello," Act v., Sc. 2.

When we shall meet at compt
This look of thine shall hurl my soul from heaven.

Page 41. Note ^d. DOLOROSA VI.

That shadow numbering none but sunny hours.

In one of Sir E. B. Lytton's earlier novels the following is mentioned as the motto on a sundial :—

Horas non numero nisi serenas.

Page 49. Note ^c. EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND
EIGHTY-ONE.

The streamlet 'rival realms dividing.'

See 'Childe Harold.'—Canto I., Stanzas xxxii., xxxiii.

Page 50. Note ^f. *Ibid.*

The singing robe

Which Spenser wore, &c.

The metre of 'The Faery Queen' and of 'Childe Harold.'

Page 50. Note ^g. *Ibid.*

Singer of the globe

Who first from Spain the continents beguiled.

See Pollok's Course of Time, Book IV.,

'He touched his harp and nations heard entranced,' &c.,
for a striking but saddening estimate of the genius and career of
Byron.

Page 53. Note ^h. *Ibid.*

On the great morning of the Presence Dread
They wreath the Supernal Silence with sweet sound.
The Eucharistic Auto on the Festival of Corpus Christi.

Page 53. Note ⁱ. *Ibid.*

That fair Memphian Maid, &c.

Eugenia, heroine of the drama 'the Joseph of Women.'

Page 54. Note ^j. *Ibid.*

A glorious guilt, &c.

The guilt of being a Christian.

Page 54. Note ^k *Ibid.*

How, like Eugenia, will ye sweetly wind, &c.

Eugenia's father and brother became Christians through the influence of her dying exhortations and example. The three were martyred shortly after the events referred to.

Page 55. Note ^l *Ibid.*

O steadfast will by magic spells not bowed !

O tempest-vexed, rock-founded Purity !

Justina, heroine of the drama 'the wonder-working Magician.'

Page 55. Note ^m *Ibid.*

O princely choice of pain, &c.

Ferdinand of Portugal, hero of the drama 'the Constant Prince.'

Page 55. Note ⁿ *Ibid.*

The captive Sigismund, &c.

The hero of the drama 'Life is a Dream.'

Page 56. Note ^o *Ibid.*

Though other chords, &c.

Calderon's epitaph says of his secular plays, *quæ summo plausu vivens scripsit, moriens præscribendo despexit.*

Page III. Note ^p THE KING AND THE FIELD.

With yearning pain to that dear youth would move, &c.

'That dear youth,' Edward Vincent Ravenshaw, 'lovely and pleasant in his life,' 'laid down his life for his friend,' in the river Katakhal, in Cachar, North East India, on Trinity Sunday, 1880, aged 26.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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the \mathcal{H}_1 hypothesis, the test statistic is given by $T_n = \sum_{i=1}^n \log \frac{f_{\mathcal{H}_1}(X_i)}{f_{\mathcal{H}_0}(X_i)}$, where $f_{\mathcal{H}_0}$ and $f_{\mathcal{H}_1}$ are the probability density functions of X_i under \mathcal{H}_0 and \mathcal{H}_1 , respectively.

Under \mathcal{H}_0 , the test statistic T_n is a sum of independent and identically distributed random variables, and its distribution can be approximated by a normal distribution with mean 0 and variance $n \text{Var}(\log \frac{f_{\mathcal{H}_1}(X_i)}{f_{\mathcal{H}_0}(X_i)})$.

Under \mathcal{H}_1 , the test statistic T_n is a sum of independent and identically distributed random variables, and its distribution can be approximated by a normal distribution with mean $n \mathbb{E}(\log \frac{f_{\mathcal{H}_1}(X_i)}{f_{\mathcal{H}_0}(X_i)})$ and variance $n \text{Var}(\log \frac{f_{\mathcal{H}_1}(X_i)}{f_{\mathcal{H}_0}(X_i)})$.

The test statistic T_n is used to decide between \mathcal{H}_0 and \mathcal{H}_1 . If T_n is greater than a threshold τ , then \mathcal{H}_1 is accepted; otherwise, \mathcal{H}_0 is accepted.

The threshold τ is chosen such that the probability of Type I error is α . The probability of Type II error is β .

The power of the test is $1 - \beta$. The power function of the test is $\pi(\theta) = \mathbb{P}(T_n > \tau | \theta)$, where θ is the parameter of the distribution.

The power function $\pi(\theta)$ is a function of the parameter θ . The power function is used to evaluate the performance of the test.

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